

A
TRIBUTE TO LIBERTY:
OR,
A NEW COLLECTION
OF
PATRIOTIC SONGS;
ENTIRELY ORIGINAL.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
THE MOST SELECT SONGS
Which have lately appeared in Public;
AND OTHER
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES;
TOGETHER WITH
A Collection of Toasts and Sentiments.

SACRED TO
THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Renown'd Britannia !.....
When Wealth ENORMOUS sets th' Oppressor high,
When BRIBES thy ductile Senators command,
And Slaves in Office FREEMEN's RIGHTS withstand,
THEN MOURN ! for THEN thy Fate approacheth nigh.

SCOT.

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TO THE PUBLIC,

ALIAS

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE."

O YE factious, seditious and discontented crew! will you never believe that you are *happy*, when no more than a *bare belief* is requisite to make you so?—Infatuated mortals! are you determined, like Lovegold, to "*feel, feel, feel, and touch, touch, touch,*" before you will allow your happiness to be real? Dreadful obstinacy! how unacquainted are you with the wonder-working powers of *imagination*!—Can you not believe that your hunger and thirst, are gratified, unless you *eat and drink*? Can you not believe that you are cloathed and warm, unless you are *covered* from the inclemency of the season?—O, what political unbelief is this!—To what then must your wise legislators have recourse? they have bawled to you till their lungs are jaded; they have written to you till words are exhausted, and ye still obstinately continue to be *unhappy*. What! will you not believe the King himself, and all the Royal Family! not believe the Prime-Minister, the Privy-Council, and all the Bishops! the Judges, Counsellors, and Lawyers! the Borough-mongers,

A 2

the

the Placemen, and all the Pensioners! the Dukes, the Earls, the Marquisses, the Barons, the Knights; the Lords in Waiting--of the Bedchamber--of the Stole--and, of the Golden Stick! the Commanders by Sea and Land; the Commissioners and Officers of all the great Houses! the Magistrates and Justices, the Lord-Mayor of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mrs. Jordan! the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Richmond, and all the Vestrymen and Parish Officers!!—

Deluded multitude! here is a collection of the *happiest* creatures in the world, united together to persuade you that you are extremely *happy*, and yet you give no credit to what they may either *say* or *swear*! O shocking stupidity! they will then cure you of your Malady, by a different process; the tower shall be furnished with solid argument, a Military System of Animal Magnetism shall be adopted--you shall be thrown into a *Crisis*, and kept there till you confess you are exceedingly *happy*!—Think, besotted creatures! how much money is now expending to persuade you that you are happy! on *Fortifications*, on *Proclamations*, on *Newspapers*, at *Taverns* and *Committees*, as much as would liberate all the Insolvent Debtors in the four counties! Think, think, I say, and be persuaded you *are happy*, for you must pay all the Reckoning!

Again,

Again, how will you be able to resist the irrefutable logic of *Musquetry* and *Artillery*? or, how will you be able to deny you are *HAPPY*, when the *sword* is pointed to your breast? recollect how successfully Mahomet argued this way, and believe you are happy in *this* world, lest they silence your murmurs by sending you into the *other*, to search for happiness! But, alas! you are a banditti of incorrigible Heretics; I know you will not *believe* you are *happy*, although the Holiest Man of Canterbury were to declare it to you on his marrow-bones!

But let me, for a few moments, direct your attention to the great source of all your happiness; to the most *glorious* and *happy Constitution*! Take a view of each well-constructed system in each department of government; and you may be astonished at the scene thrown open before you! The whole is a Paradise of Delights!

Look into the *STATE*!—"Tis true it has its *corruptions* and *defects*, as *poor Edmund* says, and you must peep at them with *due caution*—But, see your *Liberties* defended, your property protected, by men of the most *unsullied virtue*. The great Treasury of the Nation, which is accumulated from *your hard labour* and industry, is entrusted to *Integrity* itself; and distributed with the most *scrupulous exactness*, on the pure principles

ciples of the RIGHTS OF MAN. The most favourite *Personer* cannot finger a guinea till he has *earnt it*; nor has the most exalted man in office a *shilling more* than his *merit* entitles him to. What is £4000. per annum to one *great man*, for introducing another great man to kiss a THIRD Great Man's Hand?--'tis cheap as dirt! Nay, it is worth half the money to see them at work!—In time of war you pay double taxes, and is it not necessary the expences of war should be defrayed?—In time of peace you also pay double taxes, to *defray the expences of peace*. Ye senseless ideots! these, and such like things, constitute the chief glory of the STATE!!

Look again into the law; the scene still brightens before you!—ENGLISHMEN! you have the *cheapest market for Justice* in the whole universe! how happily adjusted are the laws between *debtor* and *creditor*! no unnecessary *delay* attends the action; no *anxiety* of mind between the contending parties; no *neglect* of business; no *extravagant expences*; O! what a glorious purchase of *parchment* and *stamps* do you make here! with what *composure* do you look forward from *term* to *term*! In the hands of *mercy* and *justice*, what can you fear! nothing in the final decision of the court to ruffle your spirits, or break the repose of your family! like fat oysters ye are *gently*
open

opened and separated, that the *happy stuff* which lyes between, may be applied to enrich the *giorious Constitution*.

And now take a view of the Church! and see the angelical life of the holy Priesthood; here is **Paradise regained!**—by divine permission, here is Heaven itself let down upon earth! an assemblage of all the *graces* and *virtues* which dignify and adorn human nature—how equally proportioned is the hire to the labourer! no lazy Bishops, no sinecure places, no dissipated Priests, no *starving Curates*—O no! no!--justice, temperance, truth, and brotherly love, animate and pervade the whole: here is a *scourge* for the wickedness of men in high life, and *consolation* for the miseries of the poor--here is religion taught by the *best masters* with able assistants, on the most *reasonable terms*! a little entrance money only is required; marrying, christening, confirming, visiting, and burying, almost for an old song; and tythes exactly according to circumstances!--Thrice *happy* and *giorious Constitution!!!* we are lost in the contemplation of thy *manifold* blessings.

Hear then, ye "SWINISH MULTITUDE!" the Statesmen at Whitehall, the Judges on the Bench--all the Parish Officers in the Nation, their Dependents and Expectants, proclaim aloud that ye are **HAPPY!** And who so competent to judge
of

of your *happinefs*? Beware of that fatal error of judging for yourselves. What! think for yourselves! O let me intreat, nay, let me insist upon it, that you never think of *thinking for yourselves*; for the more you *think*, the more you will differ from these *wise and happy* men in your way of thinking: think also how many *mild, happy and glorious Constitutions* have been ruined by men *thinking for themselves*! Let your betters, therefore, think for you; because it stands to reason they must think *best*; and if the phantom should again seize your brain; and tempt you to conceive you are not *happy*, you must petition the *happy Constitution* to furnish you with some *patent engines, pullies and screws*, whereby you may at any time wind up your imagination to their pitch, dance to their music, and be as happy as themselves.

Crede quod habes, et habet,

said Erasmus; with this word of advice I take my leave; without flattering you, courting your patronage, or saying a single word about the merit of the Songs.

R. THOMSON.



A TRIBUTE, &c.

A NEW SONG,

To an old tune,—viz. “*God save the king.*”

GOD save—“THE RIGHTS OF MAN!”

Give him a heart to scan

Blessings so dear!

Let them be spread around,

Wherever Man is found,

And with the welcome sound

Ravish his ear!

See, from the universe,

Darkness and clouds disperse;

Mankind awake!

Reason and Truth appear,

Freedom advances near,

Monarchs with terror hear—

See how they quake!

Sore have we felt the stroke;

Long have we bore the yoke;

Sluggish and tame:

But now the Lion roars,
And a loud note he pours ;
Spreading to distant shores,
LIBERTY's flame !

Let us with FRANCE agree,
And bid THE WORLD BE FREE,—
Leading the way.
Let Tyrants all conspire ;
Fearless of sword and fire,
FREEDOM shall ne'er retire,
FREEDOM shall sway !

Godlike, and great the strife,
Life will indeed be life,
When we prevail :
Death, in so just a cause,
Crowns us with loud applause,
And from tyrannic laws,
Bids us—ALL HAIL !

O'er the Germanic pow'rs,
Big indignation low'rs,
Ready to fall ! *
Let the rude savage host,
In their long numbers boast,
FREEDOM's almighty trust,
Laughs at them all.

* This song was composed before the Duke of Brunswick ran away.

FAME! *Let thy Trumpet sound!*

Tell all the World around!

Tell each degree!

Tell Ribbands, Crowns, and Stars,

Kings, Traitors, Troops, and Wars,

Plans, Councils, Plots, and Fars,

FRENCHMEN are FREE!

God save—"THE RIGHTS OF MAN!"

Give him a heart to scan

Blessings so dear!

Let them be spread around,

Wherever Man is found,

And with the welcome sound

Ravish his ear!

SONG.

BURKE'S ADDRESS

TO

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE!"

Tune "*Derry down, down,*" &c.

YE vile SWINISH herd, in the sty of taxation,

What would you be after—disturbing the nation?

Give over your grunting—Be off—To your sty!

Nor dare to look out, if a king passes by:

Get ye down! down!—down! keep ye down!

Do you know what a king is? By *Patrick*, I'll tell you;
He has power in his pocket, to buy you and sell you;
To make you all soldiers, or keep you at work;
To hang you, and cure you for ham or salt pork!

Get ye down! &c.

Do you think that a KING is no more than a man?
Ye brutish, ye swinish, irrational clan?
I swear by his office, his right is divine,
To flog you, and feed you, and treat you like swine!

Get ye down! &c.

To be sure, I have said—but I spoke it abrupt—
That “the state is *defective*, and also *corrupt*;
Yet, remember I told you with caution to peep,
For *swine* at a distance we prudently keep—

Get ye down! &c.

Now the *church* and the *state*, to keep each other warm,
Are *married* together. And where is the harm?
How healthy and wealthy are husband and wife!
But *swine* are excluded the conjugal life—

Get ye down! &c.

The *state*, it is true, has grown fat upon SWINE,
And *church*'s weak stomach on TYTHE-PIG can dine;
But neither, you know, as they *roast* at the fire,
Have a right to find fault with the *cooks*, or enquire.

Get ye down! &c.

“ What use do we make of your money ? ”—you say ;
 Why, the first law of Nature :—*We take our own pay*—
 And next on our friends a few *pensions* bestow—
 And to you we apply when our *treasure* runs low.

Get ye down ! &c.

Consider our *boroughs*, ye grumbling SWINE !
 At corruption and taxes, they never repine :
 If we only *proclaim*, “ YE ARE HAPPY ! ”—They say,
 “ *We ARE happy !* ”—Believe, and be *happy* as they !

Get ye down ! &c.

What know ye of COMMONS, of KINGS, or of LORDS,
 But what the dim *light* of TAXATION affords ?
 Be contented with that—and no more of your rout ;
 Or a new *proclamation* shall muzzle your snout !

Get ye down ! &c.

And now for the SUN—or the *LIGHT* OF THE DAY ;
 “ IT doth not belong to a PIT,” you will say—
 I tell you be silent, and hush all your jars ;
 Or he’ll charge you a *farthing* a-piece for the stars.

Get ye down ! &c.

Here’s MYSELF, and *his darknefs*, and Harry Dund-*afs* ;
Scotch, English, and Irish, with fronts made of bras—
 A cord plaited three-fold will stand a good pull,
 Against SAWNEY, and PATRICK, and old *Johnny Bull !!!*

Get ye down ! &c.

To conclude, then, no more about MAN and his RIGHTS,
TOM PAINE, and a rabble of *Liberty lights* ;
That you are but our "SWINE," if ye ever forget,
We'll throw you alive to the HORRIBLE PIT!

Get ye down! down!—down! keep ye down!

SONG.

[PART SECOND.]

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE's" REPLY

TO

BURKE's ADDRESS.

APOSTATE! give over your eloquence, pray!
No more on the subject of Monarchy say:
Exalted in office, and fed by the Swine—
If we should desert you, you'll catch a decline.

Tumble down! down! down—come ye down!

But we cannot well brook to be called the swine,
Let *man* have *his rights*, and the *epithet's* thine;
Apostate thou art,—and allur'd by the *hire*,
Return'd like the *sew* that was wash'd—to the *mire*.

Tumble down! &c.

Our thanks we return—you may think it a joke,
For the blessed enquiry your writings provoke ;
We thank you for thwarting your own bad design ;
The bacon and pork are restor'd to the swine.

Tumble down ! &c.

No longer like asses we tamely submit,
And tremble like fiends at the *mouth* of a *Pit* :—
You are but our servants, our delegate *powers*,
If we speak but the word, you must fade—and like flow'rs

Tumble down ! &c.

Too long, it is true, we resembled the swine,
And stood in the market all passive as kine,
But no longer the grunting of swine shall ye hear,
The voice of the *Lion* now pierces your ear.

Tumble down ! &c.

Apostate beware ! and with caution advance,
The ground you are treading is fertile as France ;
If you once overheat and inflame the *Old Bull*,
He'll toss the rich dogs from their soft *packs of wool*.

Tumble down ! &c.

No longer, *oppressor*, insult the oppressed ;
Our grievances *may* and they *shall* be redrest ;
In the fable your picture—behold in that glass—
“ The *LION* was rous'd by the heel of an *ass* ! ”

Tumble down ! &c.

If the *best* Constitution that ever was known ;
And the best of all monarchs is now on the throne ;
If his peers, and his statesmen, and laws, are the best,
They can be no worse—to *be* brought to the *test*.

Tumble down ! &c.

No longer, thou *sophist*, attempt to deceive,
To plunder, and blind us, and laugh in your sleeve ;
Apostate, thy payment, for *pimping*—depends
On those you're insulting—and with them it ends.

Tumble down ! &c.

The faults of the people you freely make known,
Whilst a mantle of clarity covers the throne ;
But in France 'tis a doctrine the people know well,
That kings are as apt, as the mob, to rebel—

And come down ! &c.

Proclamations we dread not—but rather desire,
They say to the sleepers—" Arise and Enquire !"
For the good of the nation no more do we seek,
Than a *new proclamation* at least once a-week.

Tumble down ! &c.

The pow'r of enquiry no despot can bind,
For millions already have freedom of mind :
Let *Reason* be heard, and let *Reason* go round,
And soon on the globe not a tyrant is found.

Tumbled down ! down !—down ! tumbled down !

SONG.

SCOTCH NICK;

OR,

OLD HARRY'S PLAIN CONFESSION.

Tune, "*Vauxhall Walch.*"

FAREWELL to Scotland's barren ground ;
A better country I have found,
Where wealthy customers abound,
For "Wha wants me?"

Was ever such a lucky Scot !
So snug a birth—So rich a lot !
I'll sell the good things I have got,
Crying "Wha wants me?"

No guilty thoughts disturb my mind,
I left my conscience safe behind !
And all my happiness I find
In "Wha wants me?"

You envious Scotchmen all, behold !
You say I have my country fold ;
Then see what heaps of shining gold,
For "Wha wants me?"

The Test Act might have been repeal'd,
And all your wide divisions heal'd,
Had you but PROPERLY appeal'd

To "Wha wants me?"

To any measure I'll agree,
Let Tyrants rule, or men be free;
Let this my happy freedom be,

Crying, "Wha wants me?"

If Paine were chose to rule the land,
And he should take me by the hand;
I would submit to HIS command,

Crying, "Wha wants me?"

Then once for all, I let you know,
Let kings or people rule below;
If I'm in office round I'll go,

Crying, "Wha wants me?"

SONG.

Tune, "Sweet Willy O!"

THE pride of the nation is Sweet Willy O!
The pride of the nation is Sweet Willy O!
The people around
His virtues resound,
So great is the fame of the Sweet Willy O!

He would be a statesman, the DEEP B'illy O!
 He would be a statesman, the DEEP Billy O!
 From our low abyfs
 To raife us to blifs,
 Was all the ambition of Sweet Willy O!

The king is delighted with Sweet Willy O!
 The king is delighted with Sweet Willy O!
 His WISHES to crown
 He taxes us down,
 G. R. is before us where-ever we go!

The POOR are enraptur'd with DEAR Billy O!
 The POOR are enraptur'd with DEAR Billy O!
 If taxes are high,
 And burthen'd they cry,
 They find their RELIEF in the PIT—Billy O!

How free are the stars! O the kind Billy O!
 Yet how tempting the fight to a Pit—Billy O!
 Tho' great the amount,
 He takes no account,
 Because computation would puzzle him so!

The SUN is shut up in the PIT—Billy O!!
 The RULER OF DAY IN A PIT—Billy O!!!
 To buy LIGHT and AIR,
 To the PIT we repair,
 Our blessings are all in the PIT—Willy O!

Long life, light, and health to the Sweet Billy O!
Thy foes let a darkness surround, Billy O!

How should we get bread,
If Willy was dead!

Taxation would fall in thy Pit—Billy O!

To see him interr'd in the Pit—Willy O!
To see him interr'd in the Pit—Willy O!

How would our thoughts run
Upon the FREE SUN!

When darkness encloses the PIT BILLY O!

The staircase as dark as the Pit—Willy O!
Where scarce the right step we can hit, Billy O!

Once more the broad day
Would clearly display,

And chase thy BLACK RELIC away, Billy O!

An end to our darkness and Pit—Billy O!
Our sun will arise when you set, Billy O!

The houses long BLIND
Their EYES would soon find,

And shed a SWEET tear on thy Pit, Billy O!

SONG.

FRENCH LIBERTY.

Tune, "*In the Garb of Old Gaul.*"

WHEN first the Great Senate of Frenchmen agreed,
From Corruption and Bondage—to die or be freed—
By troops all surrounded—defenceless—unarm'd,
Compos'd and collected, they sat unalarm'd!

CHORUS.

Such was their love of Liberty—their ardour to be free,
And with the Gallic Heroes let surrounding pow'rs agree,
The tidings roll
From pole to pole,
Till Freedom crowns the day;
And round the Globe to all the race
Her banners display.—

Undaunted and firm as the Consuls of Rome,
Unappall'd in their Councils—before them their doom—
“ We'll die or be free!”—to the People they cry!
“ We'll die or be free!”—Hark the People reply!
Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

Majestic they rose in a warlike array,
And drove from their stations the tyrants away;
The **HEADS** of the nation, confounded to see—
Surrender'd, and glad to surrender or flee.
Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

In vain all the Crowns 'gainst the people combine,
The whole human race are now forming the line,
While Frenchmen the first in the field lead the way,
And call to the nations around—" Come away !"

Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

In battle triumphant see Freedom appear !
Over heaps of the dead—rushing on with the spear !
Inspir'd with ambition a country to save,
And give the invaders a part for their grave.

Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

Exulting the news ! let the trumpet of Fame,
Aloud to the Slave, and the Despot proclaim ;
They boasted to slaughter, to waste, and reduce ;
But soon GALLIC POWER made them sue for a truce.

Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

Unshaken and firm—let the Despots unite,
Let Statesmen and Placemen get hirelings to write :
While armies from conquest to conquest pursue,
THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE shall flourish anew !

Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

Great Heroes of Freedom, when ages are gone,
When Kings are forgotten, and Tyrants unknown,
Your fame shall be echo'd from shore unto shore,
Till Nations, and People, and Time are no more !

CHORUS.

Such is our love of Liberty—our ardour to be free,
And with the Gallic Heroes let surrounding pow'rs agree;
The tidings roll
From pole to pole,
Till Freedom crowns the day;
And round the Globe, to all the race
Her banners display!—

SONG.

BURKE'S LAMENTATION

FOR THE
LOST AGE OF CHIVALRY.

THE KEY.

“ SURELY (he says, speaking of the *last* QUEEN of
“ FRANCE) never LIGHTED ON THIS ORB, which
“ she hardly seemed to TOUCH, a more delightful
“ VISION! I saw her, JUST ABOVE THE HORIZON,
“ decorating and chearing the elevated sphere she just
“ began to move in—glittering like the MORNING
“ STAR! full of life and splendour, and joy. I thought
“ ten thousand swords must have leaped from their
“ scabbards to avenge (*What?*) even a LOOK that
“ threatened her with insult!!!—But the Age of Chi-
“ valry is gone!—The GLORY of Europe is extin-
“ guished for ever!!!”——BURKE on the French
Revolution, page 112.

SURELY, Reader, if you possess but one grain of common sense, you will say, that either this passage is not quoted from BURKE's celebrated Defence of Royalty, or, that the author took leave of his senses when he wrote it.—I have looked into his book three times, that I might not mistake, and I am willing to make affidavit before our sovereign lord the king, that you may find it in page 112.

PLAINTIVE.

I SAW, but O, I surely dream'd!
A vision drop from heaven (it seem'd);
The world a brighter lustre wore,
Than ever Man beheld before.

Philosophers could not declare
Which power did most attraction share;
If to the vision, earth arose,
Or she descended—no one knows.

I saw the angel skip around,
Her heavenly feet scarce touch'd the ground;
She lighted on a splendid throne,
The glory then of Europe shone!

Ten thousand Dons and Cavaliers
Around her stood with swords and spears,
To be her slaves was all they sought,
This was "the grace of life unbought."

Methought—O! how my brains must reel!
 Ten thousand swords of magic steel,
 Would leap their scabbards to chastise
 Those, who had not elastic eyes!

But, O! how Time's revolving glass
 Brings unexpected things to pass!
 The Queen is driven from her throne,
 The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Where are the Quixotes now, and where
 The Sanchos, to defend the fair?—
 The Dulcinea's left to moan,
 The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Fly, Quixote, thro' the air, like wind,
 And Sancho, too, get up behind!—
 Alas! no Sancho here, nor Don,
 The Age of Chivalry is gone!

O peerless Queen! thou art bereft
 Of all thy friends, and with me left;
 With WOEFUL FACES thus we groan,
 The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Enchanters! O restore the knights,
 That can so well assert her rights!
 Alas! Enchanters are unknown!
 The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Ten thousand swords, why do ye sleep?
Your drowfy scabbards quickly leap;
The crew with insult all look on;
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Come kingly butchers, then, advance,
And desolate the plains of France;
Alas! ye move but slowly on!
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Then bring my Rosinante, that I
My prowess in the field may try;
It would reward my toil and pain,
Could I restore the AGE again.

But, ah!—No more—I will not go,
REASON appears my potent foe;
'Tis REASON keeps her from the throne,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

SONG.

Tune, "*Ye Gods, ye gave to me a Wife.*"

OUR fathers left a race of Kings,
And we were glad to find them;
O how we lov'd the pretty things!
And laugh'd and ran behind them.

We laid our necks beneath their feet,
 So humble and so lowly ;
 And they rode over as was meet,
 Still pleas'd to see our folly.

But warmly now our hearts incline,
 To rule the land without them ;
 The MOULDY PARCHMENTS we resign,
 And from the globe we'll rout 'em.

SONG.

Tune, "*Chevy Chace.*"

THEY prosper best who have no king,
 To rob them and enthrall ;
 Then let our acclamations ring,
 At ev'ry tyrant's fall.

To drive the despots from their throne,
 And statesmen from their place ;
 A woeful fighting is begun,
 Among the human race.

Now Edmund Burke, a rueful knight,
 (Whose tender heart did ache,
 To see the people gain their RIGHT)
 A solemn vow did make,

That paper—pen—and eke ink-horn,
Should put them to the rout ;
The child shall bless that is un-born,
The writings he sent out*.

His thoughts with phrase theatric clad,
Were strong to melt the ear ;
And metaphoric speech he had
To make his subject clear.

With LOYALTY his bosom glow'd,
And as he lov'd the gold ;
A little pension was bestow'd,
To make him fight more bold.

The rules of errantry he knew,
And did to France repair ;
To bid his peerless Queen, adieu !
And thus address'd the fair :

“ Delightful vision ! it is meet,
“ Thy blessing ere I go !
“ I'll soon return, and at thy feet,
“ Lay all my conquests low !”

She smil'd—When turning quickly round,
He vanish'd from her sight ;
And like a hero took his ground,
All ready for the fight.—

* That is, for the Enquiry they have provok'd.

These tidings came to Thomas Paine,
A man of courage bold ;
Who could the " Rights of Man " explain,
And king-craft too unfold.

With heart and head both sound and clear,
The cause he undertook ;
And now in battle both appear,
And Book appears to Book.

Loud vaunted Edmund in the field,
Like Quixote 'mongst the sheep ;
Who thought with such a sword and shield
To end them at a sweep !

The valour of Sir Knight was great,
For in his rear we find ;
To cover, if he should retreat,
Were but A FEW inclin'd.

While Paine, (the foe of kings) appears
Majestic on the plain ;
The shout of ALL THE WORLD he hears,
And sees them in his train !

With courage did the Knight advance,
Discerning not his foe ;
He challeng'd all the Knights of France,
And aim'd a dreadful blow !

He gave them warning to retreat,
And wonder'd at their stay ;
He little thought so soon to meet,
Obstruction in his way !

A thousand paces back he ran,
At sight of warlike PAINE ;
And soon were seen THE RIGHTS OF MAN,
Triumphant on the plain !

Base-born plebeian, said the Knight ;
As he retir'd with speed,
It is not lawful we should fight,
With men of vulgar breed—

So saying, and all out of breath,
Quick out of sight he steals ;
And thought each moment cruel death,
Would seize his heavy heels.

These tidings came to George our king,
In Windsor where he lay——
What! what! what news, news! do ye bring,
Has Edmund lost the day ?

O heavy, heavy news, he said!
England can witness be,
There's none can give a Monarch aid,
Of such account as he.

The Courts in black may all be hung,
If they pursue the fight ;
Our passing bell will soon be rung,
If men obtain their right.

The victory was soon PROCLAIM'D,
And eke the Monarch's dread ;
Forbidding books all left UNNAM'D,
E'en to be sold or read.

At which the PRESSES aiming well,
Full charg'd they all let fly ;
Enough were found the books to sell,
Enough the books to buy.

And now the people all rejoice,
Such tidings heard they never ;
They cry aloud with chearful voice,
THE RIGHTS OF MAN FOR EVER!!!



SONG.

PAINE'S WELCOME

TO

GREAT-BRITAIN.

Tune, "*He comes, he comes.*"

HE comes—the GREAT REFORMER comes,
Cease, cease your trumpets, cease, cease your drums ;
Those warlike sounds offend the ear,
PEACE and FRIENDSHIP now appear,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome, THOU REFORMER here.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
Freedom cheers the brow of care ;
The joyful tidings, spread around,
Monarchs tremble at the sound !
Freedom, freedom, freedom, freedom,
RIGHTS OF MAN, and PAINE, resound.

SONG.

Tune, "*Highland Laddie.*"

PROUD Monarchs rais'd to wear a crown,
 Forget the **POWER** by which they held it ;
 They tread the passive subject down,
 And thirst for vengeance when they're told it.

CHORUS.

But, no more with blind submission—
 We'll read them o'er a new commission ;
 The People's voice
 Shall be their choice,
 And tread beneath their feet—oppression.

And men forget that kings of old,
 Depending on their free election,
 Durst at their peril be so bold,
 To rule but as they had direction.

But, no more, &c.

Or, if the king, a **SOT** betrays,
 Or, if humane his disposition ;
 Some minister assumes and sways,
 And robs to feed his own ambition.

But, no more, &c.

Thus kings and ministers succeed,
 In either fill the tyrant reigning ;
 They suck the poor, and as they feed,
 Forbid the sufferer's complaining.

CHORUS.

Eut, no more with blind submission—
 We'll read them o'er a new commission ;
 The people's voice
 Shall be their choice,
 And tread beneath their feet—oppression.

SONG.

WHITEHALL ALARMED !

AND

A COUNCIL CALLED !!!

Tune, "*Come let us prepare,*" &c.

COME let us prepare,
 We statesmen that are,
 Assembl'd on this dread occasion ;
 Let the engines of state,
 Before 'tis too late,
 Repel the surrounding invasion !

While people were fools,
We made them our tools,
Our VIRTUE was never suspected ;
But now they arise,
And open their eyes !
And all our designs are detected.

'Tis not the mere crew,
We have to subdue,
Nor armies nor fleets can assist us :
'Tis REASON alone,
Besieges the throne,
And REASON is strong to resist us.

Nor can we by force,
Now alter the course,
ENQUIRY and REASON are taking ;
By land and at sea,
They cry, TO BE FREE !
The POWERS of the world are shaking.

How proudly in France,
Doth Reason advance,
All nations behold it with wonder ;
The state and the church
Are left in the LURCH,
And the partnership broken asunder.

Then while we deplore
 Their traffic no more !
 The priests and their shops all forsaken,
 Left our holy ware,
 A like fate should share,
 Let speedy precautions be taken.

The boroughs in vain
 Endeavour'd to gain,
 E'en thanks to the king for his kindness,
 The people too wise,
 Saw through the disguise,
 And call'd it CORRUPTION and BLINDNESS.

No thanks could be due,
 The people well knew,
 To be told they were HAPPY, if not so ;
 For quickly they found,
 In CHAINS they were bound,
 And also could see how they got so.

Then what now remains,
 To lock them in chains,
 And lead them on tamely in fetters,
 How great is the loss !
 Its almost a loss
 Whether they'll submit to their betters.

To darken the mind,
 Let the Press be confin'd,
 A LAW against reading and speaking;
 Such bondage might pass,
 Among the low class,
 And let it be call'd their own seeking.

And next, to secure
 Their LOYALTY sure,
 Let THINKING be deemed *high-treason*;
 For still, after all,
 Our system must fall,
 Unless we are LORDS of their REASON.

SONG.

FRANCE's LAMENTATION

On the APPROACH of the DUKE of BRUNSWICK.

Tune, "*Malbrouk*."

BREAK out in lamentation,
 O Frenchmen, for your nation,
 A dreadful devastation,
 Is now upon the road ;
 Alas, we may deplore,
 Our *Freedom* soon no more !

The mighty combination,
 Begins the desolation,
 A frightful declaration,
 The DUKE has sent abroad.

He'll from his presence spurn us,
 Or unto Louis turn us,
 Or else he'll cut and burn us,
 If we refuse his sway ;
 O how we quake with fear !
 The duke approaches near !!!
 He thunders and he flashes !
 Our castles down he dashes !
 And lays our town in ashes !
 As they obstruct his way.

Now on full march to Paris,
 O how report doth scare us !
 They say he will not spare us,
 Nor age, nor sex, nor size ;
 A foe so strong, so nigh,
 We cannot fight nor fly,
 Alas we need not strive—O !
 We never can survive—O !
 They'll eat us up alive—O !
 Or make us into pies.

Still nearer see him bearing !
 His very lodgings airing,
 The cooks are all preparing,
 The splendid kingly feasts—

Lo, now they seize the glass,
 "Vive le roi," they pass!
 The queen no more deploring—
 The court again restoring—
 The people running roaring,
 Are hunted down like beasts!

* * Did not report almost say as much? did not tyrants desire it? and did not the ignorant dread it?

[PART SECOND.]

DUKE BOBADIL'S RETREAT.

WHAT meant our consternation?
 'Twas all imagination,
 'Twas for his recreation,
 The duke came into France;
 He thought we were asleep,
 And took a harmless peep;
 But when he saw our forces,
 Our cannon, foot, and horses,
 Our stores and wide resources,
 He trembl'd to advance.

THIONVILLE he surrounded,
 But how was he confounded,
 And his proud feelings wounded,
 The WOODEN HORSE to see!

His mouth was full of hay,
 And to the duke did say,
 " You proud ambitious sinner,
 " You never shall come in here,
 " Till I eat up my dinner ;
 " So take yourself away !"

But O! the manifesto,
 Affords a pretty jest O ;
 Just like the juggler's presto,
 It rais'd a short surprise ;
 Alas! duke BROBDIGNAG !
 Where is your empty brag,
 Your military swaggers,
 Your sword, and fire, and daggers ?
 Ye crew of silly braggers,
 Go home, and slaughter flies.

Now see the duke retreating,
 His pulse quick time is beating,
 No thoughts he has of eating,
 Or drinking, at Parie ;
 The sumptuous feast is done,
 The court broke up and gone !
 And BOBADIL returning,
 Chop-fall'n and in mourning ;
 With shame, and anger burning,
 Nor eat, nor fight could he !

Alas ! in deep dejection,
 He takes a new direction,
 His heels are his protection,
 And eke the Berlin train :
 And all the EMIGRANTS,
 And PRINCES, COWARDS, and CANTS,
 Have changed the war to RACES,
 With wry and ghastly faces,
 Pursue the wild-goose chaces,
 With hunger, shame, and pain.

Now France with freedom ringing,
 And songs of triumph singing,
 The tyrants noses wringing,
 All in a doleful plight ;
 The RIGHTS OF MAN and FRANCE !!
 And BOBADIL's dear dance !!!
 When he turn'd out his best toes
 And ceased his MANIFESTOES,
 No longer to molest us,
 He fav'd himself by FLIGHT.

SONG.

Tune—" *Hearts of Oak.*"

YE Britons, no longer inactive remain,
 Attend to the dictates of Reason and PAINE ;
 'Tis to FREEDOM they call you, no longer delay,
 Your rights are at stake—and are lost if you stay.

CHORUS.

Hark ! the trumpet of Fame bids you rouse and oppose,
 The tyrants uniting,
 While Frenchmen are fighting,
 And Freedom inviting—to conquer your foes.

Shall men as the HEADS of the nation preside,
 Who cannot the TEST OF ENQUIRY ABIDE ?
 Let them boast of their virtues and plead for the state,
 So felons remonstrate, in view of their fate.

Hark the trumpet of Fame, &c.

They flatter and fawn, and their friendship express,
 To blind, while they plunder, and roll in excess ;
 And a pension bestow for the PRAISES of those,
 Who would, if not BRIB'D, their CORRUPTION expose.

Hark the trumpet of Fame, &c.

While APOSTATES and TYRANTS so boldly agree,
 Let the powers of our reason, ENLIGHTEN'D and FREE,
 Unappall'd at their frowns—with the object in view,
 Thro' all its dark turnings, oppression pursue.

CHORUS.

Hark ! the trumpet of Fame bids you rouse and oppose,
 The tyrants uniting,
 While Frenchmen are fighting,
 And Freedom inviting—to conquer your foes.

SONG.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

BY HIS LORDSHIP.

THE Rights of Man I will maintain,
Upon the old foundation ;
And those who venture to complain,
Shall hear a proclamation.

CHORUS.

For kings and lords, the Rights of Man,
Were first of all intended ;
And since the reign of kings began,
The Rights of Man are ended.

Now take me right, as we proceed,
'Tis needful I should mention,
I am a son of noble breed,
And hold a little pension.

For kings and lords, &c.

Kings have a right divine to be
Your LORDS, and GODS, and masters ;
And commons, peers, and priests agree,
To laugh at your disasters.

For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to all the toil,
 And while it ne'er relaxes,
 We eat the dainties of the soil,
 And feed you well with taxes.

For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to chain your tongue,
 When fore you feel oppression ;
 Nor check, nor call our measures wrong,
 So wide is our commiffion.

For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to live and breathe,
 And answer your creation ;
 But mark—your fathers did bequeath,
 To us—to rule the nation.

For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to wear your rags,
 And pay your debts in limbo,
 While we, like Judas, keep your bags,
 And boldly after him go.

For kings and lords, &c.

In fine, the nation is our own ;
 And let me further tell you,
 The powerful right is in the throne,
 By which we buy and fell you.

For kings and lords, the rights of man,
Were first of all intended ;
And since the reign of kings began,
The rights of man are ended.

SONG.

WHA DOES THIS BONNET FIT ?

Tune, “ *Jolly Miller.* ”

A WICKED Scotchman now resides,
Just by the treasury ;
He steals and cheats from morn to night,
No thief more glad than he.

CHORUS.

This is the burthen of his song,
Where-ever he may be ;
I care for nobody right or wrong,
And nobody cares for me.

His fingers had the dreadful itch,
Which made him cross the Tweed,
To find a cure among the rich,
And having made great speed,
This is the burthen, &c.

His conscience made of temper'd steel,
 His face of solid brass ;
 Remorse nor shame he ne'er did feel,
 Since he in office was.
 This is the burthen, &c.

Yet one sad thought his bosom heaves,
 And yields a smarting pain,
 That, should the state be purg'd from THIEVES,
 He loses all again !

CHORUS.

Still this the burthen of his song,
 Where-ever he may be ;
 I care for nobody, right or wrong,
 And nobody cares for me.

THE
 ENQUIRER AND HIS ECHO.

A DIALOGUE.

SAY ECHO, how shall we diffuse the light,
 And teach unthinking men to claim their right ?
 Echo—WRITE.

But if we should their enemies expose,
Will not a Proclamation soon oppose?

Echo——OPPOSE.

Perhaps, they would remove the nation's woe,
If they our numerous grievances did know.

Echo——No.

Why do they then, profess to be our friends,
The bulwark which our LIBERTY defends?

Echo——FIENDS.

They say we may with confidence rely
On them, a never-failing firm ally.

Echo——A LIE!

What are their motives, Echo, then say plain,
So eager each appears a seat to gain.

Echo——GAIN.

Then were electors blind not to refuse?
Or were they brib'd, the people's curse to chuse?

Echo——JEWS!

But why does not the monarch intercede
Against such men——to ruin us agreed?

Echo——GREED!

Where then his virtuous ministry I wonder?
What say the princes to the nation's b'lunder?

Echo——PLUNDER!

And where the gownsmen then with holy faces,
Can they not act by virtue of their places?

Echo—PLACES!

Alas! sad Echo, I shall cease to name,
Such overgrown corruption you proclaim.

Echo—CLAIM!

But claim from whom, and what shall we regain?
The nation's doom'd to tyranny and pain.

Echo—PAINE!!

What, Echo, do you recommend indeed,
A man of such seditious, wicked breed?

Echo—READ!

But who made TRUTH a LIBEL? or the leaves
Condemns, which but assert, that *Thieves* are *Thieves*?

Echo—THIEVES!

To what then must the people have recourse,
To gain reform, what arguments enforce?

Echo—FORCE.

Echo, farewell—and let all tyrants know it,
A change is near, and they must undergo it.

Echo—GO IT!!

SONG.

ADAPTED TO THE
Sentiments of a *red-hot* ARISTOCRAT.

Tune, "*God save the king.*"

LONG live our gracious king,
To him your treasure bring,
Gen'rous and free!
His feelings are so tough,
You ne'er can give enough;
Why keep ye back the stuff?
Rebels ye be.

See, on the guineas fair,
His graceful picture there,
Which, as you view,
Worship—and let them be
Sent to his treasury;
Send them to him, that he
May worship too!

You have a house and bed,
And you are cloath'd and fed,
Temp'rate and bare;
Still let it be your aim,
Pride and excess to tame,
For your kind master's claim,
All you can spare.

Great George our king we own,
 Each on his marrow-bone,
 Englishmen true :
 He shall ride over us !
 Happy and glorious,
 Freedom ! victorious
 Frenchmen ne'er knew.

Chear up each mournful face,
 See what a hopeful race,
 Now all alive !
 O how it swells the song !
 Princes so young and strong,
 Might draw a dray along,
 Ready to drive.

Long live our NOBLE king,
 To him your guineas bring,
 Gen'rous and free !
 Let it our hearts elate,
 Still to support the great—
 Proud of our low estate
 Still let us be !

SONG.

Kings a *great* BLESSING to a Nation.

SOON as a monarch mounts the throne,
His USEFULNESS is clearly known,
As thousands can declare ;
The kingly trade he undertakes,
And many a little monarch makes,
The government to share.

And now in all the toils of state,
He THINKS and LABOURS—early—late ;
And with an ANXIOUS mind,
He presses on from care to care,
The people's burthens, HEAVY bear,
Upon his GRACIOUS mind !

He leaves the dissipated crew,
Routes, feasts, and sporting to pursue—
The follies of the day :
Far greater thoughts his heart engage,
Than concerts—hunting—or the stage ;
As wise Duguet doth say.

The law HE next surveys, and sees
That acts and deeds, and suits and fees,
May not the poor oppress ;
Hence, Judges so UPRIGHT we see,
And Juries, HONEST, wise, and FREE ;
Their purest thoughts express.

Anon the church his care demands,
The holy troop with gowns and bands,
He suffers none FOR HIRE !
To feed and guide the poor and blind,
To raise and cultivate the mind,
Of each he doth require.

Thus kings are rais'd to BLESS the land,
And Church and State go hand in hand,
The BLESSING to ensure ;
Upon our backs, the JUNTO rides ;
So soft they sit upon our hides,
'Tis PLEASANT to endure !

SONG.

Tune, "*Dusky Night.*"

No longer lost in shades of night,
Where late in chains we lay ;
The sun arises, and his light
Dispels our gloom away.

CHORUS.

And demanding Freedom all,
While kings combine,
We boldly join,
Nor cease till tyrants fall.

No longer blind, and proud to lye
 In slavery profound ;
 But for redrefs aloud we cry !
 And tyrants hear the found.

Demanding Freedom all, &c.

The pomp of courts no more engage ;
 The magic spell is broke,
 We hail the bright reforming age !
 And cast away the yoke.

Demanding Freedom all, &c.

Our substance and our blood no more,
 So tamely shall we yield ;
 Nor quit like slaves our native shore,
 To deck the MONSTER's field.

But demanding Freedom all, &c.

The rotten lumber of the land,
 The courtly pension'd train ;
 Shall hear their sentence and disband,
 As we our rights regain.

Thus demanding Freedom all, &c.

The mitred villain as he rolls,
 In luxury and lust,
 He blinds and robs the silly souls,
 Committed to his trust.

But demanding Freedom all, &c.

Amus'd no more with empty lies,
Of BLISS we never knew ;
The traitors drop the state disguise,
And closely we pursue.

CHORUS.

Demanding freedom all !
While kings combine,
We boldly join,
Nor cease till tyrants fall.

SONG.

TO THE

LONDON CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.

Tune, "*See your Country righted.*"

ASSEMBLED in our Country's Cause,
Hail the happy season !
We fear no frowns—nor court applause,
Pursuing truth and reason.

CHORUS.

Boldly all with heart and hand,
Meet we here united,
By each other firmly stand,
To see our Country righted.

Long beneath the rod we lay,
 Plunder'd and contented ;
 But no more shall tyrants sway,
 Our wrongs shall be resent'd.
 Boldly all with heart, &c.

See the rich and sumptuous board !
 Harpies all surrounding,
 Seize our wealth to swell the hoard,
 In luxury abounding.
 Boldly all with heart, &c.

Shall we tamely yet resign,
 Our purse to these Collectors ?
 And hail them with a RIGHT DIVINE !
 Away with such protectors.
 Boldly then with heart, &c.

Fearless of their lawless pow'r,
 Empty sons of thunder ;
 Let them bluster out their hour,
 They shall soon knock under.
 Boldly all with heart, &c.

Brave the dangers that surround,
 Bid them all defiance ;
 Truth eternal is our ground,
 THE PEOPLE our alliance.
 Boldly then with heart, &c.

See our numbers how they grow !
 Crowding and dividing* ;
 Eager all their Rights to know,
 Reason still presiding.

Boldly all with heart, &c.

Let us then as friends agree ;
 Kings and priests dissemble,
 War and strife they love to see,
 Union makes them tremble.

CHORUS.

Boldly all with heart and hand,
 Meet we here united,
 By each other firmly stand,
 To see our Country righted.

* Alluding to the affiliated *divisions* which file off every night of meeting
 to different parts of the town.



SONG.

Tune, "*Mulberry Tree.*"

THE great Reformation, approaching, we hail!
'Gainst statesmen and priests truth and reason prevail,
Triumphant the planters of Liberty, see!
Preparing the soil of the globe for the tree.

CHORUS.

All shall yield to FREEDOM's fair tree,
Bend to thee
Blest Liberty!
Heroes are they, now planting thee,
And all their great names immortal shall be!

Away with the splendour and pomp of a court,
Our toil shall no longer the baubles support,
No longer the slaves of a statesman and king,
Inspir'd by the Muses of Freedom we sing.

All shall yield, &c.

Ye Britons, for courage in battle renown'd,
For freedom and riches—Alas, empty sound!
Triumphant ye came from the field and the main,
To be conquered and plundered by statesmen again.

Then repair to, &c.

Ye trees of corruption in courts ye abound,
The fruits ye produce are a curse to the ground,
In the soil where ye flourish no others can grow,
But now see the axe at your roots aims the blow.

All shall yield, &c.

May Heav'n guard THE PEOPLE, and armies of France,
And crush all their foes where-ever they advance;
An end to the councils of traitors combin'd,
The downfall of tyrants—and peace to mankind!

All shall yield, &c.

How great in the ages to come and how dear,
Your names, and your conquests great heroes will appear!
With rapture they'll read, and your actions review,
While under the shade of the tree raised by you!

CHORUS.

All shall yield to FREEDOM's fair tree,
Bend to thee
Blest Liberty!

Heroes are they, now planting thee,
And all their great names immortal shall be!

*SONG.

The MARSEILLES MARCH.

SUNG BY THE MARSEILLOIS GOING TO BATTLE,

BY GENERAL KELLERMAN'S ARMY,

AND AT

THE DIFFERENT THEATRES IN PARIS.

YE sons of France, awake to glory,
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
 Your children, wives, and grandfires hoary;
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding!

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath,
 March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
 On victory or death!

Now, now, the dang'rous storm is rolling,
 Which treach'rous Kings, confederate, raise;
 The dogs of war let loose are howling,
 And lo! our fields and cities blaze;

And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless Force, with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
 To arms, ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air;
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, ye brave, &c.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath,
 March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
 On victory or death!

*SONG.

SUNG BY Mr. DIGNUM,

AT THE

Anniversary of the Revolution of 1688.

Held at the LONDON TAVERN, Nov. 1792.

Tune—" *The tear that bedews sensibility's shrine.*"

UNFOLD, Father Time, thy long records unfold,
Of noble achievements accomplish'd of old ;
When men by the standard of Liberty led,
Undauntedly conquer'd, or chearfully bled :
But now 'midst the triumphs these moments reveal,
Their glories all fade, and their lustre turns pale :
While France rises up, and proclaims the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

As spring to the fields, or as dew to the flowers,
To the earth parch'd with heat, as the soft dropping showers,
As health to the wretch that lyes languid and wan,
Or rest to the weary—is Freedom to man :
Where Freedom the light of her countenance gives,
There only He triumphs, there only he lives ;
Then seize the glad moment, and hail the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

Too long had oppression and terror entwin'd,
 Those tyrant-form'd chains that enslav'd the free mind;
 While dark Superstition with Nature at strife,
 For ages had lock'd up the fountains of life:
 But the dæmon is fled, the delusion is past,
 And Reason and Virtue have triumph'd at last;
 Then seize the glad moment, and hail the decree,
 That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

France, we share in the rapture thy bosom that fills,
 While the Genius of Liberty bounds o'er thine hills;
 Redundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
 Prouder wave thy green woods, and thine olive trees grow!
 While the hand of philosophy long shall entwine,
 Eleft emblem, the laurel, the myrtle and vine;
 And Heav'n thro' all ages confirms the decree,
 That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

*SONG.

SUNG AT THE
 Anniversary of the Revolution of 1688,

Held at the LONDON TAVERN, Nov. 5, 1792.

SEE! bright Liberty descending,
 O'er the verdant hills and plains:
 And bold GALLIA, nobly sending,
 FREEDOM to the slaves in chains.

See! fell tyranny defeated;
 By each bold and patriot band:
 May their triumphs be repeated,
 O'er oppression's iron hand.

Oh! may we partake the rapture,
 Which triumphant patriots feel;
 May they ev'ry tyrant capture,
 Who attacks the commonweal.

May the cause which they're protecting
 Spread thro' ev'ry state and clime;
 That men on their rights reflecting,
 REVOLUTIONS well may time.

Let not men of any nation,
 By false arguments deceiv'd,
 Startle at a reformation,
 When their country is aggriev'd.

But as human institutions,
 Are by nature prone to change:
 Let succeeding revolutions,
 Wise and equal laws arrange.

Thus secured, shall future ages,
 Who may celebrate this day:
 Say "no more wild discord rages,
 TRUTH AND REASON bear the sway."

[60]

SONG.

THE PORTERS' GOSSIP,

OR AN

IRISH DEFENCE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

BY J. WALKER.

RECITATIVE.

AT alehouse door, where weary porters stop
To pitch their loads and take a chearing drop,
Jenkin and Patrick once together met,
Their bus'ness was the same, to rest and wet ;
Beer sharpen'd wit, and glibly run their gab ;
What follows is a sketch of their confab.

AIR, BY JENKIN.

Cot pless hur, what puffle and rout ;
Come tell hur, coot frient, if you can,
What all that creat pook is apout,
Which hur thinks they call Paine's Rights of Man ?

They tell hur such wonderful things,
A Welchman's as goot as a LORT ;
There's no more occasion for kings
Than hur crantmoter hat for a swort.

And princes, tukes, Intans, and placks,
Are the same plood and pody as we ;
The poor shall not pay so much tax,
But that all have a right to be free.

RECITATIVE.

Now Paddy had perus'd the Rights of Man,
So hitched his breeches up, and thus began :

AIR, BY PADDY.

Blood an'ouns, Master Jenkin—I'm now after thinking,
You're not quite the thing in your nob,
Why Paine's bodderation—drives mad half the nation ;
He'll one day repent his wild gob.
Can you call that mad patter of his, Common Sense,
Where he says, we're the same flesh and blood as a prince?
Arra, who can believe such queer nonsense as this ?
No, Jenkin, its cruel—But hear me, my jewel,
I'll engage I'll tell what the rights of an English-
[man is.

But this ne'er enter'd your nob,
If it had, you wou'd never complain ;
Whisht, whisht, hububoo, hold your gob,
Whisht, whisht, hububoo, fililililoo,
To be sure a big rogue is Tom Paine.

Now you know my dear cr'ature—A king has by nature
A head nicely fitted to rule ;
And his children for ever—must be mighty clever,
For how should a king get a fool ?

And the great bodderation—he makes on taxation,

'Tis all, my dear, Peter-my-knife:

For taxing the malt—houses, leather, and salt,

Sure you know are all LUXURIES of life ;

And the tax upon coals, could not Richmond support,

Did we not make it up with some places at court.

Death an'ouns, we will starve to maintain their ex-

[pence,

And live, my dear cr'atures—on herrings and praties—

By my soul tho' you'll never bear this, while we have

[common sense.

That's the book that's been cramming your nob;

You'll never hear Paddy complain ;

Whisht, whisht, hububoo, hold your gob,

Whisht, whisht, bububoo, fililililoo,

To be sure a big rogue is Tom Paine.

SONG.

Tune, “ *The Topsails Shiver in the Wind.* ”

IN times of yore, when heroes fought,

And cities stream'd with blood,

The bards to better strains untaught,

Sang of the crimson flood.

Far nobler themes my muse invite,

Than e'er inspir'd these sons of night.

FREEDOM, who long had dormant lain,
 While despots bore the sway,
 Now deigns to visit man again,
 Reveal'd thro' TRUTH's bright ray :
 Hence then, ye poets, join to praise
 FREEDOM in your immortal lays.

And first, that brave unrivall'd chief,
 Who did her cause maintain,
 Whose worksevinc'd in every leaf,
 Their godlike author PAINE.
 While gratitude inspires your song,
 To him your warmest thanks belong.

A bolder champion to engage
 Falshood had never found ;
 Resplendent TRUTH illum'd each page,
 And flash'd conviction round.
 Soon as this mighty work began,
 All nature echo'd, " RIGHTS OF MAN !"

America had caught the flame,
 And scorn'd submission base ;
 To laws unjust, no longer tame,
 She bow'd her manly race ;
 But independence long had rear'd,
 And neither slaves nor monarchs fear'd.

To Gallia's shore the influence spread,
 Her num'rous sons arose,
 By liberty and reason led,
 They found and crush'd their foes.
 High sounding titles down they cry,
 And make their lordly owners fly.

Surrounding kings unite to go
 Against this favour'd place;
 For monarchy now felt a blow,
 Which shook her firmest base.
 Armies combine France to attack,
 But God and nature drove them back.

Fain would the muse now take her flight,
 And sing *Britannia* free;
 That sacred isle, where once so bright,
 Reign'd heav'n-born LIBERTY.
 But ah! how fall'n! yet soon she'll rise,
 And proudly claim her native skies.



COMPARISON.

KIND Heav'n, we read, in days of yore,
Had mercy on the town of Zoar,

To save one RIGHTEOUS man ;
To prop one SCEPTRED FOOL in France,
BRAVADO BRUNSWICK wields his lance ;
He swears by all the powers of hell,
To slay and plunder—dire to tell !

A nation—IF he can.
But, lo ! the sons of freedom rose,
And pull'd the BULLY by the nose—
He turn'd about and RAN !

* STANZAS

TO THE

CITIZEN GENERAL DUMOURIER.

HERALD of Freedom to the fertile plains,
For ages spoil'd by Austria's tyrant sway,
Amidst deliver'd Belgia's choral strains,
Accept the tribute of a Briton's lay ;
'Till some rapt poet build the lofty rhyme,
That bears thy well-earn'd glory down the tide of time.

Champion of France, yet not to France confin'd,
Awaking Europe hails her patriot son,
'Tis thine to combat for oppress'd mankind,
And shake, in ev'ry clime, a lawless throne.
From Gallia's shores shall Freedom's triumph sound,
To the new world the frantic Grecian never found.

In vain ambition fir'd his eager youth,
For slaughter'd nations prov'd no birth divine,
Tho' flattery mock'd the solemn style of truth,
And genius brought her gifts to fortune's shrine.
Lur'd by the glare she grac'd a worthless name,
And deck'd a prosp'rous robber with the wreaths of
[fame.

So, oft emblazon'd in the classic page,
Has Latian valour gain'd the Muse's praise,
Yet calmly view'd in time's maturer age,
Rome's patriot virtue shines with feeble rays;
Virtue that never knew for man to glow;
But dragg'd in haughty triumph ev'n a suppliant foe.

Not abject thus did Belgia's sons appear,
To swell the triumphs the glad people throng,
Of freedom's equal laws with transport hear,
And shout to fav'ring Heav'n one grateful song.
In that blest hour what joys 'twere thine to know,
Reason's pure joys, that plunder'd worlds could ne'er
[bestow.

J. T. R.

SONNET

TO BRITAIN,

1766.

RENOWN'D Britannia! lov'd parental land!

Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye!

Whene'er the weight of **WANT**'s afflicting hand,

Wakes in thy vales the poor's persuasive cry.

When wealth **ENORMOUS** sets the oppressor high,

When **BRIBES** thy ductile senators command,

And slaves in office freeman's **RIGHTS** withstand,

THEN MOURN! for then thy fate approacheth nigh!

Not from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,

Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main;

Tho' leagu'd in war, tremendous round thy shore—

But from **THYSELF**, thy ruin must proceed:

Nor boast thy power; for know it is decreed,

Thy **FREEDOM** lost, thy power shall be no more.

ODE to the DRUM.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,

Parading round, and round, and round;

To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,

And lures from cities and from fields,

To sell their Liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glitt'ring arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To swell the catalogue of human woes.

* TO MANKIND.

AN ODE.

IS there, or do the schoolmen dream?
Is there on earth a power supreme,
The delegate of Heav'n?
To whom an uncontroll'd command,
In every realm, o'er sea and land,
By special grace is giv'n?

* Doddsley's Poems, Vol. II.

Then say what signs this GOD proclaim ?
 Dwells he amidst the diamond's flame,
 A throne his hallow'd shrine ?
 Alas! the pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, Fear, and Impotence betray,
 Strange proofs of power divine !!!

If service due from human kind,
 To men in SLOTHFUL ease reclin'd,
 Can form a sovereign's claim,
 Hail monarchs! ye whom Heav'n ordains,
 Our toils unshar'd—to share our gains,
 YE IDEOTS, BLIND, and LAME !

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,
 Create and mark the ruler's right,
 So REASON must conclude——
 Then thine it is, to whom belong,
 The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
 THRICE * SACRED MULTITUDE !

In thee, vast ALL ! are these contain'd,
 For these are those, thy parts ordain'd,
 So Nature's systems roll :
 The sceptre's thine, if such there be,
 If none there is—then thou art FREE,
 Great MONARCH ! MIGHTY WHOLE !

* How different the sentiments of this *virtuous* and *patriotic* author to those of that *apostate courtier*, who has dared, in the full spirit of his *impudence*, to call the *majority* and *support* of the nation, a “ *swinish multitude* !”

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause,
On faith, prescription, force, or laws,
An host's or senate's voice,
His VOICE affirms thy stronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the species choice.

Unsanctify'd by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the scepter'd hand,
The TREMBLING SLAVE may bind;
But loose from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force impos'd, belies
The unassenting mind.

THY WILL's thy rule, thy good its end,
You punish only to defend
What parent Nature gave;
And he who dare her gifts invade,
By nature's oldest law is made,
Thy victim or thy slave.

Thus reason founds the just decree,
On universal liberty,
Not private rights resign'd:
Through various nature's wide extent,
No PRIVATE BEINGS e'er were meant,
To hurt the GEN'RAL kind.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
 Or lesser SPOILERS share his pow'rs,
 While BOTH thy claim oppose?
 Monsters who wore thy fully'd crown,
 Tyrants* who pull'd those monsters down,
 Alike to thee were foes!

Far other shone fair Freedom's band,
 Far other was th' immortal stand,
 When Hampden fought for thee;
 They snatch'd from Rapine's gripe thy spoils,
 The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
 Of arts and industry.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade;
 Thy friends afford a timid aid,
 And yield up half thy right;
 Ev'n LOCKE beams forth a mingled ray,
 Afraid to pour the flood of day,
 On man's too feeble fight.

* This is, perhaps, more than an oblique glance at Cromwell the *protector*, and some of his bloody banditti, who it appears brought Charles to the block only with a view to inherit his *tyranny*, and refused the regal honours merely to avoid suspicion---perhaps I am mistaken---they had a *generation of vipers* to grapple with.

O! shall the *bought*, and *buying* tribe,
 The *slaves* who take and deal the *bribe*,
 A people's claims enjoy!
 So Indian murd'ers hope to gain,
 The pow'rs and virtues of the slain,
 Of wretches they destroy.

" Avert it Heav'n ! you love the brave,
 " You hate the treach'rous willing slave,
 " The self-devoted head ;
 " Nor shall an hireling's voice convey,
 " That sacred prize to lawless sway,
 " For which a nation bled."

* SONG.

FOR THE
 ANNIVERSARY of the REVOLUTION.

BY G. DYER.

Tune, " *Rule Britannia.*"

WHEN beating tempests waste the plains,
 And lightnings cleave the angry sky,
 Sorrow invades the anxious plains,
 And trembling nymphs to shelter fly.

CHORUS.

But should the sun, the sun illumine the skies,
They catch his beams with grateful eyes.

When bigot zeal a nation rends,
And purple tyrants fill the throne,
Beneath their yoke meek virtue bends,
And modest truth is heard to groan ;
But should the star, the star of Freedom rise,
Calm'd are their fears, and hush'd their sighs.

When generous patriots, long oppress'd,
Decree to curb a monarch's pride ;
And Freedom warms a NATION's breast,
Who shall the general ardour chide ?
What can withstand, withstand the GREAT DECREE,
When a brave nation WILL BE FREE.

Thus Greece repell'd her num'rous foes,
Thus Britain curb'd a Stuart's race,
Thus Gallia's sons to glory rose,
Heralds of Peace to future days ;
And thus shall all, shall all the nations rise,
And shout their triumphs to the skies.

The wars of monarchs thus decided,
Commerce shall bless each smiling land ;
And man from man no more divided,
In peace shall live, a friendly band :

Tyrants shall fall, no more, no more to rise,
Like glaring meteors of the skies.

Then blooming youths, and sages hoary,
Shall sing the deeds of ancient days;
And tender virgins learn the story,
And children lisp their grandsires praise.
Earth will be gay, be gay, and bright the skies,
When Freedom's golden star shall rise!

SONG.

CA IRA.

'TIS DANGEROUS TO EAT,
'TIS DANGEROUS TO MEET,
'TIS DANGEROUS TO DRINK,
'TIS DANGEROUS TO THINK.

Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira.

'TIS DANGEROUS TO WALK,
'TIS DANGEROUS TO TALK,
'TIS DANGEROUS TO WRITE,
'TIS DANGEROUS TO FIGHT.

Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira.

'Tis DANGEROUS to FEED,
'Tis DANGEROUS to READ,
'Tis DANGEROUS to GIVE,
'Tis DANGEROUS to LIVE.

Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira.

'Tis DANGEROUS to VIEW,
'Tis DANGEROUS to SUE,
'Tis DANGEROUS to KNOW,
'Tis DANGEROUS to GO.

Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira.

*SONG.

Tune, "*Hearts of Oak.*"

COME cheer up, my countrymen, ne'er be dismay'd,
For Freedom her banners once more has display'd,
Be staunch for your Rights—Hark 'tis Liberty's call;
For Freedom, dear Freedom, stand up one and all!

CHORUS.

With heart and with hand,
Swear firmly to stand;
Till Oppression is driven quite out of the land.

To redress all our wrongs, let MAN'S RIGHTS be apply'd;
Truth and Justice they show, and by these we'll abide.
Luxurious Pomp, which brings Taxes and Woes,
No more we'll maintain with the sweat of our brows.

But with heart, &c.

The bold RIGHTS of MAN struck such terror and fear,
That stern Proclamations in all parts appear;
But deter us they can't—for as Friends we'll agree
The State to reform,—and we'll die or be free.

Then with heart, &c.

So much tribute we pay, that we scarcely can live;
For the light of the sun, what a rent do we give?
To be told “We are happy!”—'tis mere Gasconade;
For we're burden'd like slaves, and like packhorses made.

But with heart, &c.

Then to Freedom press forward like men who are wise,
And accompany France, out of bondage to rise,
And America's world: Let us with them agree,
And join the grand Concert—TO DIE, OR BE FREE.

Then with heart, &c.

To conclude, Here's success to honest TOM PAINE:
May he live to enjoy what he well does explain.
THE JUST RIGHTS OF MAN, may we never forget;
For they'll save Britain's friends from the bondage of Pitt.

CHORUS.

With heart and with hand,
Swear firmly to stand,
Till Oppression is driven quite out of the land.

THE ORIGIN OF KINGS.

A FRAGMENT.

————— **W**HEN Time was young,
And Earth was clad in Nature's rudest garb,
Dark tangled forests, deserts vast and drear,
Wild heaths, and reedy lakes, and rushy fens ;
When fresh and vig'rous from th' Eternal hand,
Man trode the rough domain ; himself as rough ;
The bus'ness of his life to propagate,
To draw nutrition, and to keep at bay
Instinct's ferocious swarms ; then the wide world
Was but a huge estate, Heav'n the prime Lord,
And all mankind his equal tenantry.
No power was known, save that which Nature owns—
Paternal sway—Clad in the spoils of brutes,
And unrestrain'd as is the mountain's blast,
Dauntless and firm the sturdy savage roam'd,
His family a state, himself a chief.
Water, wild fruits, and animal repasts,

Compos'd his worldly good ; with these in view,
 On the rough margin of some stream or lake,
 Begirt with matted brakes and forests tall,
 He rear'd, with unskill'd hand, his wattled shed.
 Around him, nimble as the bounding roe,
 His naked offspring play'd. Time brought desires,
 And from desires which to repress, was sin,
 Full many a progeny soon frolick'd round——
 Affection filial, fondness for the seat
 Of all their youthful gombols, and the dread
 Of climes less bounteous, fix'd him to the soil.
 The patriot fire now glimmer'd ; smaller tribes,
 Lur'd by the hopes of plenty, or induc'd
 By love of social intercourse, pour'd in ;
 And by their ardent youth were soon made one.
 Thus congregated man, and thus wild wastes,
 The haunts of shaggy tribes, were sprinkled o'er
 With many a human dwelling. Settled now,
 Man's wond'rous faculties began to shoot.
 For Heav'n, who plac'd him midst this warlike scene,
 Unarm'd and void of cov'ring, gave him powers
 Superior far to all that brutes possess ;
 Gave him by his own efforts to improve :
 Hence came the jav'lin, and the furry garb,
 And all that polish'd regions now enjoy.
 Each fire was still the sov'reign of his shed,
 And all internal bick'rings might compose.
 But, when contention 'mongst these very fires,
 Uncheck'd by pow'r superior, rear'd his head,
 All then was wild confusion. Hence 'twas found,

That man i' th' social state lack'd more controul,
 Than could from patriarchal rule proceed.
 But who might say what this controul should be?
 At length this grand, yet simple point t' adjust,
 'Neath some huge tree, by general consent,
 (Girt with dearest relatives, who stood
 In mute amaze) the village Fathers met;
 And with bold action, metaphoric speech,
 And dauntless mien, pour'd forth their honest souls.
 'Twas genuine Nature all. A few strong laws
 The infant senate fabricated soon,
 Which shew'd the fires all emulous of good;
 For each strong law, however rude, was fram'd
 As laws should e'er be fram'd, like yon bright orb
 To shed no PARTIAL influence. All were bound—
 All by the ties which they themselves had made,
 Were bound alike, and therefore all enjoy'd
 Man's dearest, noblest blessing—LIBERTY.—
 As ev'ry family its chief possess'd,
 And as their various families might now
 Be deem'd but one; at the same time, perchance,
 To be their common Father, Guardian, Friend,
 And to enforce their EQUAL laws, some sire,
 For wisdom and for manly prowess fam'd,
 Was rais'd by free election 'bove the rest,
 And cloth'd, whilst those who rais'd him should think meet,
 With the fair robe of delegated power.
 Such was the Origin of Kings. At first
 The wise elective magistrate; but now,
 Too oft, the weak hereditary scourge

Of half a groaning world. With slender wing,
 Along the ever-rolling stream of Time,
 Thus like a twittering swallow, have I swept,
 Touching on nought, save some protruding capes
 Too obvious to be miss'd ; the earth's rude face,
 The natural state of man, his social days,
 And senates, laws, and regal rule how form'd.
 From these bold capes, to song but little known,
 The philosophic eye will clearly ken
 These simple truths, which the wide world should know ;
 That God made man, that man made Laws and Chiefs :
 But that, nor God, nor man, ne'er form'd those rods,
 Call'd ARBITRARY KINGS.——

HUMAN DEBASEMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

———IN early days,
 If Kings were made by men, and that they were,
 The light of Nature clearly shows,
 How comes it then, that Earth is fill'd with Slaves ?
 How comes it then, that man, this reasoning thing,
 This being with such faculties endow'd,
 This being form'd to trace the great First Cause,
 Through many a wond'rous path ; how comes it then,
 That he in ev'ry clime, should cringe, should crouch,

Should bend th' imploring eye, and trembling knee,
 To mere self-rai'd Oppressors?—Heav'ns! to think
 That not a tithe of all the sons of men
 E'er kiss'd thy sacred cup, O Liberty!
 To find where'er imagination roves,
 Millions on millions prostrate in the dust,
 Whilst o'er their necks, with proud contemptuous mien,
 Kings, Emperors, Sultans, Sophies, what you will,
 With all their pamper'd minions sorely press,
 Grinding God's creatures to the very bone.
 Yet man submits to all! he tamely licks
 The foot uprais'd to trample on his right;
 He shakes his chains, and in their horrid clank
 Finds melody; else, why not throw 'em off?
 Seven hundred millions of the human kind
 Are held in base subjection, and by whom?
 Why, strange to tell, and what futurity,
 As children at the tales of witch or sprite
 Will bless themselves to hear, by a small troop
 Of weak capricious despots, fiends accurs'd,
 Who drench the earth with tides of human gore,
 And call the havoc, GLORY! Britons, Yes!
 Seven hundred millions of your fellow-men,
 All form'd like you the blessing to enjoy,
 Now drag the servile chain. Oh! fie upon't!
 'Twere better far within the clay-cold cell
 To waste away than be at such a price!
 Poor whip-gall'd slaves. Oh! 'tis Debasement all!
 'Tis filthy cowardice, and shews that man
 Merits too oft by his degenerate deeds

The yoke that bends him down. Power's limpid stream
 Must have its source within a people's heart :
 What flows not thence is turbid tyranny ;
 Rank are the dep'sot weeds which now o'er-run
 This ample world, and choke each goodly growth ;
 But, that supine loud vaunting thing, call'd Man,
 Might soon eradicate so foul a pest,
 Would he exert those powers which God has given
 To be the means of good ; and what more good,
 More rational, nay, more approaching Heav'n,
 Than the strong joys which flow from Freedom's font ?
 Yon radiant orb, vast emblem of the Pow'r
 Who form'd him, beams alike on all mankind ;
 The air, which like a mantle girts the world,
 Is too a common good ; and even so,
 With amplest bounty Liberty is given
 To man whate'er his tint ; swart, brown, or fair ;
 Whate'er his clime, hot, cold, or temperate ;
 Whate'er his mode of faith, whate'er his state,
 Or rich, or poor, great Nature cries—BE FREE.
 How comes it then, that man neglects the call ?
 Nay, like the callous felon, chuckles loud
 Amidst corroding chains ? Can that Great Cause
 Who made man free, both mind and body free,
 And gave him reason as a sentinel
 To guard the glorious gift ; can he be pleas'd
 To see his rich donation cast away,
 Or part with inattention, as not worth
 Th' acceptance of his creatures ? NO ! my friends ;
 Whate'er God gives, he gives to be enjoy'd,

But not abus'd ; and the mean wretch who 'neath
 A tyrant's feet this precious jewel throws
 Spurns the vast Power who plac'd it in his hands.
 How comes it then, that minds are thus abas'd,
 That man, though Nature loudly calls, **BE FREE !**
 Has clos'd his ears against her, and become
 A mean, a grov'ling wretch ! Why, thus it is,
 O Superstition ! thou who point'st to man,
 And call'st the fragile piece a demi-god ;
 Yes, thou who wand'rest o'er the world, array'd
 In pure Religion's mantle ; thou whose breath
 Conveys those potent opiates to the brain
 Which bring on Reason's sleep ; O ! dark brow'd fiend,
 All, all these works are thine !——

* G L E E

FOR THREE VOICES.

ARM, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
 Let us live free or die.
 Trumpets sounding, banners flying,
 Braving tyrants, chains defying.
 Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
 Let us live free or die,
Liberty ! Liberty ! Liberty ! Liberty !

* From the Goldfinch Songster, page 288.

LIBERTY FIRE.

LATENT long, and undetected,
Lay this heav'nly fire *electric* :
FRANKLIN drew it from the skies,
Flashing FREEDOM in our eyes.

Through all nations, NOW *excited*,
Fly the sparks of minds *ignited* :
Mighty *batteries* make *discharge*,
Bursting, thundering out at large.

Dire and dreadful seem'd the *shock*,
When the world began to rock—
Rock from both its fixed poles,
To let loose our fetter'd souls.

Loose from *despots* and their *minions*,
Loose from *Priests* and their *opinions*,
All in FREEDOM'S RING we join,
Each repeating, FREEDOM'S MINE !

All of FREEDOM'S heirs apparent,
Now we feel our *rights inherent*,
INDEFEASIBLE, DIVINE !
THESE, O MANKIND, THESE ARE THINE !

Claim the *birth-right* (claim with spirit,)
Heaven gives you to inherit ;
Touch'd by Heaven's ethereal fire,
To your heavenly rights aspire.

Blow, all ye winds! the rising flame :
Let it be a fire of fame,
Blazing, rolling, round the *Ball*,
Like the SUN, rejoicing ALL !

Mons, Nov. 7, 1792.

POPULUS.



TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

THOMAS PAINE!!!

THE RIGHTS OF MAN!!!

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN!!!

THE MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE!!!

The glorious Revolution of 1688.

The Revolution of France.

May all the invaders of Freeman's Rights *dine* with the wooden horse of Thionville.

John Horne Tooke, and may the Representation of this country soon consist of such patriotic characters.

The departed Principles of Pitt and Richmond.

May no foe to Liberty wear a red coat, or be entrusted with arms.

May the Tree of Liberty flourish in every region of the Globe, and every human being partake of its fruit.

May the Rights of Conscience be universally supported by Common Sense, and may its enemies be led captive by the Proclamations of PAINE.

May Juries ever exercise their authority in favour of Liberty.

May unjust power be opposed by all the friends of just Government.

The Sovereignty of the People, acting by an equal Representation.

May People no longer confide in apostacy or lukewarmness, but rely on their own exertions for a Parliamentary Reform.

May all Governments be those of the Laws, and all
Laws those of the People.

May the armies of all Tyrants learn the Brunswick march.
Success to the labours of the National Convention of France.

May Revolutions never cease while Tyranny exists.

Success to all innovation that leads to Reformation.

General Washington and the United States of America.

That Government which prefers armed Citizens to
armed Slaves.

May the Tree of Liberty be planted in the city of every
Tyrant, and may it be an evergreen.

The Friends of Freedom in Ireland.

Perpetual union between Great-Britain, Ireland, France,
and America.

The Liberty of the Press, to which the people are in-
debted for all Revolutions.

The movers and supporters of the Libel Bill.

The cause for which HAMPDEN bled in the field, and
SYDNEY on the scaffold.

May the exertions of the people during the reigns of
JOHN, CHARLES, and JAMES, never be forgotten by
their descendants.

A speedy abolition of the Slave Trade.

Complete liberty, and no toleration.

The equal rights of the people of Ireland.

May a soldier's proudest title be that of a free citizen.

Judge BLACKSTONE's aphorism—National militia, and
no separate camps, no inland fortresses, no barracks.

The memory of Dr. Price.

May capacity and zeal for public service be the only tests
of Citizens.

The memory of the noblest of all the HOWARDS.

Those writers who have distinguished themselves in the cause of Freedom.

The rights of Juries.

The memory of Dr. JEBB, and may his maxim *that no effort will be lost*, be the motto of all reformers.

The new way of advertising good books by proclamation.

May Liberty and Commerce unite the countries which despotism and war have divided.

May all efforts to check Freedom of discussion defeat themselves.

The armies of the free Citizens of France.

The brave defenders of Lisle and Thionville.

May the new Constitution of France be the most perfect that human wisdom can frame, and a model to all enslaved Nations.

The Societies of Great Britain associated in the cause of Liberty.

The memory of MILTON, MARVELLS, LUDLOW, & LOCKE.

The female patriots of Great Britain.

The patriotic Societies in France.

The supporters of Liberty in all parts of the world.

Volunteer crews, and no press gangs.

A speedy abolition to the game laws.

The unfettered supremacy of the People.

Addition to our friends—Subtraction to our foes—Multiplication to our rights—and Division to the enemies of Freedom.

Champaign to our friends and Thomas Paine to our foes.

May the plants of Liberty check the weed of despotism.
May the Laurels wither on the warrior's brow, when he
betrays Liberty.

The man who dares be honest in the worst of times.

May an *Honest Labourer* be more respected than a
Swindling Prince.

Priesthood without Priestcraft—Religion without Bigotry
—Piety without Superstition—and Patriotism without
Party.

FREEDOM to the WHOLE WORLD!!!

THE END.

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